



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

PRIZE TALE.

Chase Loring.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MISS LESLIE.

'This is my own, my native land.'

'WHAT we are now doing, will one day be history!' was the prophetic exclamation of Buonaparte, as he led his soldiers to victory across the bridge of Arcole. Not such were the anticipations of those firm and daring spirits, that planned and effected the destruction of the cargoes of the tea ships, that came into the ports of Boston towards the close of the year 1773, and whose appearance was announced by hand bills, beginning with these quaint, but energetic words—'The worst of plagues, the detested tea, has now arrived in our harbor!'

How little did the instigators and leaders of this singular enterprise, imagine, that on this memorable night, they were striking off the first link in the chain that had hitherto bound them to the dominion of England, and eliciting the spark that would eventually light the torch of freedom throughout the world. Surely, for them no 'coming events cast their shadows before'—or they would never (as is said) have reciprocally bound themselves by the solemnity of an oath, to a perpetual concealment of names, that, at no distant period, they might have disclosed with triumphant exultation: names that their compatriots would have delighted to honor—names that their children would have been proud to bear.

We must ever regret that the authors of this extraordinary drama have so conscientiously persisted in carrying to the grave the secret of their identity—the grave, which, most probably, has closed over each and all of them. We had hoped that some one of this patriot band, would have bequeathed to posterity a written memorial, disclosing the private history of an event, at once so public, and so mysterious. Of those who were merely actors or spectators on the night of the 16th of December, some few yet

survive—but from them, we believe that little information is now to be obtained, except of the chief scene itself. Of the previous preparation they seem to know almost nothing.

In the hope of more fully awakening to this subject, the attention of some gifted writer of that noble city, on whose fane first shone the dayspring of Atlantic literature, in whose halls the voice of freedom first dared to lift itself, the author of the following pages, (an American, though not a Bostonian,) has ventured to interweave with a simple and unpretending story, a few facts that she has collected for the purpose.

Near the center of Boston, and in the neighborhood of Pemberton Hill, a house is still standing, which seems to have been designed with the express object of demonstrating in the plainest and most practical manner, the mathematical figure called a triangle—the part that fronts the street, denoting the base, and the back illustrating the apex. The boards of the floors are broad at one end, and narrow at the other, all tending to a point at the fire-places. The fire-places have triangular hearths—and in a similar manner the beams of the ceilings radiate from the chimnies. The house, which though small, is of three stories, contains a sitting-room or parlor below, two chambers and an attic above, and a kitchen built back in the yard. It is not a corner house, and its peculiar architecture was the whim of its first proprietor, a respectable mechanic named Melchisedeck Spraggins, who having made money enough to enable himself to erect a mansion for his own residence, justly conceived that he had a right to plan it according to his own notion—and for this, or others of his notions, he never considered himself accountable to any one, his wife especially.

At the period from which we date the commencement of our story, the aforesaid triangular house was in possession of the widow of the aforesaid Melchisedeck—a kind hearted and simple minded woman, who was called Aunt Rhoda by the whole neighborhood; and, who having no children of her own, would willingly have been aunt to all Boston.

Her husband had left enough to support her comfortably, but she preferred to take a few boarders—though as she truly said, rather for company than for profit; such being the liberality of the good old lady that her profits at the end of the year, might always have been summed up by a single figure.

One of her inmates, a youth named Chase Loring, was only a *sort* of boarder. He was nephew to her late husband, and had just entered his eighteenth year. As Aunt Rhoda would accept of no regular stipend for his accommodations, his father, who had a farm about fifteen miles from Boston, took care that he should be gratified by the frequent arrival of barrels of Indian meal, pork, apples, cider, crocks of butter, and other productions of his homestead. Chase Loring was the youngest of a numerous family, and having the true Yankee genius for wood work, he had come to town for the purpose of learning the trade with a celebrated carpenter in Essex street.

Aunt Rhoda's only real boarder was Tudor Haviland, whose age did not exceed Chase Loring's. His father kept a store far in the interior of the province, but as Tudor was what is called a bookish young man, he had a great desire to be a bookseller. Accordingly, he had been placed with Henry Knox, whose shop in Cornhill was noted for the handsome manner in which it was fitted up, and the handsome books it contained. It was also, frequented by the most distinguished people of Boston.

Annis Chadwick, the youngest of Aunt Rhoda's family, and her orphan niece, was a very pretty blue eyed, blooming girl, now in her sixteenth year. Having been adopted by the old lady in early childhood, she had become well grounded in practical housewifery, and was already a clever seamstress. Tudor Haviland, who always gladly availed himself of the privilege of bringing home, in the evening, a book from Mr. Knox's store, had taken some pains to cultivate her natural fondness for reading; though the literature of that period offered but little that would be considered interesting or amusing by most young girls of the present time.

On the evening with which we propose to commence our story, Aunt Rhoda was seated in her usual corner, in her tall, straight, high backed arm chair, its cushion stuffed with feathers, and covered with broad striped red and yellow calico. A large fire of maple logs blazed on the triangular hearth, and a substantial mould candle, of domestic manufacture, in a brass candle stick, was burning on a circular walnut table, whose only fault was that it whirled around rather oftener than was desired, the pivot being generally out of order. Her feet rested on a little wooden stool or cricket, that was topheavy, and fell over whenever she rose, and she was engaged in knitting a pair of blue yarn stockings for Chase. Annis sat at the table, and was patiently dividing, with long rows of stitching, the compartments of an extensive silk thread case. Tudor Haviland, who like most reading young men, had a passion for poetry, and had not yet been long enough with Mr. Knox to have gone through the British classics, had placed himself opposite to Annis, and was deeply engrossed with the poems of Gray.

'Do read out loud, Tudor,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'It seems so unsocial to keep your book to yourself. You know I always like to hear good reading. What have you got there?'

'Gray's Poems—but I fear you would not find them very interesting.'

'May be you think I'm not quite 'cute enough to understand verse.'

'For my part,' remarked Annis, 'I always like poetry; and if I cannot comprehend every word of it, still it seems pretty.'

'I hope,' resumed Aunt Rhoda, 'I've lived long enough in the world to understand verse as well as most people, and I'm always pleased to hear it, that is, if it's rale good verse.'

'But Aunt,' observed Tudor, 'you fell asleep, last night, in the midst of the Deserted Village.'

'Well,' replied Aunt Rhoda, 'in the first place, it is considerable of a poem. And then, what is worse than all, it is quite too nateral. I could put out just as good myself, if I were only to try. It was full of all sorts of common things. Any body might make rhymes about 'the sanded floor,' and the clock 'tick-ing behind the door.' I see nothing particular in that. And then it seemed so foolish to range the *broken* tea cups on the mantle-shelf and to keep them for show. Did the same man make the poetry you are reading to night?'

'No,' answered Tudor, 'these are the poems of the celebrated Gray.'

'Any relation to Jonathan Gray, that keeps the Red Lion in Milk street?'

'Not that I know of,' said Tudor, smiling.

'Well now, read up,' pursued Aunt Rhoda,

'and you'll see how well I can make it out.'

Tudor, somewhat mischievously, perhaps, turned to the sublime ode of 'The Bard,' and began with great energy,

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait.'

'Ah! that sounds grand!' exclaimed the old lady, 'that does seem like rale poetry!'

And when he finished the stanza with,

'Stout Gloster stood aghast, in speechless trance
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.'

—she said, with much complacency, 'that's fine! that's worth listening to!—I doubt if I could make any thing like that.'

Tudor, as he proceeded, was much gratified at perceiving, by the intelligent looks of Annis, that she perfectly comprehended the historical allusions in this beautiful ode. She had lately been reading Goldsmith's admirable Letters on England, first published as addressed by a nobleman to his son, and erroneously attributed to Lord Lytleton. Aunt Rhoda, however, occasionally roused herself, to make comments, at which Tudor did not dare to cast his eyes towards Annis. At the words,

'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

'Well,' remarked the good old lady, 'some of our weavers are dirty-handed enough: but to weave with bloody hands seems awful.'

Tudor went on till he arrived at,

'Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame!
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.'

'Well, to be sure, fowls are good things to feed upon, but it does seem a shame to murder them at midnight, taking them from their perches, poor creatures, when they are fast asleep.'

Tudor proceeded, and came to the lines,

'But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height,
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll.'

'That's elegant!—their glittering skirts unrolling as they come down stairs. Like Squire Hancock's new coat, I dare say—all done off with gold lace.'

Tudor concluded the poem, and as he paused after the last line, Aunt Rhoda said with such earnestness as to suspend her knitting. 'Now you've done, Tudor, I wonder what's the cause of so much tramp, tramp, tramping in the street, over the snow to-night. All Boston seems to be passing by. I've been a-listening to it the whole time you were a-reading, and I could not puzzle out what it was for.'

'I should not be surprised,' said Tudor, closing the book, and starting up, 'if some new public commotion is on foot to-night. There were more gentleman in the store this morning, than I have ever before seen there in one day, and yet nobody bought a single book. At one time, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Richard Derby, Dr. Warren, and Colonel Bigelow, were all round Mr. Knox's desk together, and talking with him in a low

voice. And, you know, there has been a great whig meeting in the old South Church this afternoon, on account of the tea-ships.'

'Something unusual is certainly going on,' said Annis, 'and that is the reason Chase Loring has not come home to supper.'

'His master is one of the greatest whigs in town,' said Aunt Rhoda.

'So is mine,' said Tudor.

'Every body knows that,' replied the old lady, 'There's no mistake about Harry Knox—but what I say is this—all's well that end's well, and dear knows how all this is to end; not that I'm a tory—mind now—I'm not the least mite of a tory—for my poor dead husband was always a whig. But I do think it very hard for respectable people to have to do without their tea.'

'But, Aunt Rhoda,' observed Annis, 'even before tea became so scarce and dear, and before we whigs had set our faces against it you know we almost always in our house had mush and molasses, and pie and milk, and cake and cider, and such things for supper, just as we have now.'

'Yes,' replied Aunt Rhoda, 'but then we might have had tea—there's considerable difference between doing without a thing of your own accord, and being made to do without it. Now I never cared much about having a silk gown to wear at meeting, till my dead husband happened to say that no woman unbelonging to the tip-top quality ought to wear silk gowns. And from that time I thought considerable about it, and seemed to have no peace till he let me get one, poor man—though he was always pretty stiff, and rather hard to move, and not apt to give reasons for any thing. And it's just the same now. Ever since all the men are so bitter about it, my head seems to be full of nothing but tea—tea—tea.'

Tudor, who had been waiting impatiently for the conclusion of Aunt Rhoda's speech, now took his hat, and went out to see what was the matter. He found the street unusually full of people, most of whom were going in a south-east direction. To all his inquiries he could get no reply but 'come along and see,' or something to the same purpose. He accordingly went with the current, and soon found himself on Griffin's wharf, where he saw a crowd assembled, through which he had some difficulty in making his way. One of the newly-arrived tea ships was lying at the extreme end of the wharf, the other ship and the brig were anchored at the sides near the end. On the deck of each was a large group of men, some of whom were drest as Indians. The Indians were busily engaged in directing the operations, while other persons were hoisting the chests of tea from the holds of the vessels, and throwing them over the side, and the water being shallow, the boxes had already

accumulated to a pile that was even with the taffrail of the largest ship. On this pile and beside it, stood a number of young men, and some stout boys, who were eagerly engaged in breaking up the chests with hatchets, and emptying their contents into the sea. Some had taken to the boats, and with a determination to complete thoroughly the work of destruction, they were beating down with their oars, and keeping under water till they sunk, the fragments of the broken chests, and the masses of tea that occasionally floated to the surface.

Among those who were breaking up the boxes, Chase Loring was not the least conspicuous. He had taken off his jacket, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and was working away in a glow of excitement that set the coldness of night at defiance.

'Chase!' exclaimed Tudor, getting close to him, 'what is all this—and what are you doing here!'

'I was only a trying how tea will mix with salt water, as Mr. Rowe said at the Old South meeting this afternoon,' replied Chase, 'come and help—It's glorious fun, aye, and sensible fun, too.'

'How can you find it in your heart to destroy all this tea,' said Tudor.

'Now that's just such a thing as Aunt Rhoda might say,' replied Chase. 'We are destroying it because we won't pay the tax—and is it not better to throw it into the sea at once, than to let it be landed, and to allow it to find its way through town, tempting the women, and pleasing the Tories? Come, Tudor, jump here, and help.—Which will you do—break up, or throw out?'

'I believe I'll throw out, as I have no hatchet.'

'Do it, then; and be sure you empty every chest clean, and don't depend on their sinking when the water gets in. I cannot stop to talk. But this is the way to frighten King George into good behavior. You know how we got rid of the stamp-act a few years ago.'

And Chase Loring pursued his work, giving tremendous blows with his hatchet on the lids of the chests, which he broke up 'quite too much'—his arm keeping time to his voice as he hummed an odd verse of a song well known at that time:

There came a brig from London town,
Johnny Hancock hailed her;
The captain boldly answered him,
The stamp act is repealed, sir.'

'But what was the beginning of all this?' said Tudor, as Chase paused for a moment to fan himself with his hat, and wipe the damp from his forehead.

'The beginning!—why, the tea-tax to be sure.'

'But of the work we have now on hand?'

'Oh!—as to who first started it, I cannot rightly tell, for I don't know myself. But I'll

answer for it, they were clever fellows that set it a-going. I can tell nothing more than just what I have seen since I came here to the wharf, and what I have learnt from the talk around me. Come, work away; there's another chest ready for you.'

'Who are those people on the wharves below?' asked Tudor.

'Oh! some of our trust-worthy townsmen, that are stationed there to keep a look-out on the British men-of-war lying down the harbor. They are to give us notice, by signals, if they see any signs of the king's ships coming to interrupt us.'

'I wonder they do not come,' remarked Tudor, 'and the barracks of the British soldiers are so near, I am surprised they allow all this to go on.'

'So am I,' said Chase, 'I only hope it is fear that keeps them back.'

'It cannot be fear of us as we are now,' observed Tudor. 'But it may be the apprehension of what we may do, or of what we may be, if further provoked.'

Among the mysteries connected with that night, which time and history have failed to elucidate, is the forbearance of the military, and naval commanders of the British forces, and the non-resistance of the captains and crews of the tea-ships, when their cargoes were taken and destroyed before their eyes.

In the mean time, rumors of the scene that was enacting at Griffin's wharf, had spread all over the town, and had long since reached the dwelling of the relict of Melchisedeck Spraggins. Her three-cornered parlor was soon filled with her female neighbors, most of whom were going in and out all the evening, and collecting news from the pssers-by. Each successive piece of intelligence became more and more alarming, and something was generally added in its progress from the street-door to Aunt Rhoda's fire-side.—According to some of those statements, (all of which were well authenticated) several of the tea-destroyers had in their hurry chopped off their own hands with their own hatchets; others had been poured into the water along with the tea; and one man, who had scrambled out again, had been met on Fort Hill, a walking heap of tea-leaves that had uncurled themselves and stuck all over him.

'I shall never see neither of the boys again,' sighed Aunt Rhoda. 'As for Chase, it's nothing more than I expect of him, to be wherever mischief is. But Tudor even, has never come back, though he only went out to see what was the matter. I did not look for Tudor to act in this way, as he was mild and bookish. No, it's all over—I shall never see neither of them again.'

At that moment they both made their appearance, their hair disordered, and their faces glowing; Chase in high spirits, and

Tudor unusually lively. Chase threw his hatchet on the table, flew first to his old aunt and then, in the joy of his heart, ran round and kissed every female in the room. Tudor kissed only Annis.

The voices of the women were now all heard at once, inquiring of the young men as to the truth of the various reports, and Tudor kindly commenced the arduous task of convincing his audience that the events of the night had produced no horrors, and that not a life had been lost, not a limb injured.

'After all,' said Chase, 'cutting off a few fingers, or tumbling into the water, would have been nothing, even if true, to what might have happened if the British ships that were lying a little way down the harbor, had thought fit to come up, and see what we were about.'

'A mercy they did not,' cried Tacy Trimble.

'If they had fired their cannon at us,' pursued Chase, half laughing, 'every window in Boston might have shook, or may be broke with the noise, and all the wharves might have been one cloud of smoke with flames of fire flashing through.'

'Fire and smoke!' ejaculated Ruth Ruggles.

'And every shot,' said Chase, 'might have killed half a dozen of us, or may be eight or ten.'

'Eight or ten by one shot!' shrieked Fear Fearing.

'Our blood,' continued Chase, 'might have poured like rain into the boxes, and dyed all the tea red.'

'Tea and blood!' screamed Faith Foolidge.

'All this might have happened,' said Chase.

'It might indeed!' sobbed the women.

'Now Chase,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'will nothing settle you? I fear you'll come to no good if you treat serious things in this way.'

'Serious!' returned Chase. 'Now I thought it excellent sport. I'll be judged by Tudor here, who, to give him his due, worked manfully.—When Pym Fuscot, in his hurry, did not break up the chests quite enough, Tudor was the lad to jump on them with his feet, and smash them to flinders.'

'Come, Chase,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'settle yourself, and let us hear all about it in a regular way. Annis go and tell Marcy to bring another basket of apples.'

By this time some of the women had slipped home to hear what their own men had to relate. A few who had no men belonging to them, lingered at Aunt Rhoda's, to get Chase's account.

Chase settled himself on the round table, as all the chairs were occupied: Annis having nothing to sit on but the unsteady cricket.

'Annis,' said Aunt Rhoda, as the table began to 'wheel about and turn about' with its unruly occupant, 'do put the candle on the mantle-shelf; or Chase will have it over in a moment.'

'Are you all ready?' said Chase.

'Yes.'

'Well then listen, and I will begin at the beginning. We had a restless unsettled sort of a day—as is the case with most days lately—and there was more talk than work, as is the case in most shops lately. Our master did nothing but go in and out, and stop almost every body that passed the door, to say something to them. You know he is a very good whig, and the two other prentices and I are better still, and so are the Journeymen. In the afternoon the old man went to the meeting at the Old South, and when he came home he was so full of it that he told us all about it. And then he left us to go to the wharf to have a look at the tea-ships; and presently the journeymen went off too. As soon as they were gone, we concluded to go also, as it was now sundown, and time to quit work and shut up. So we put out the shop fire and having furnished ourselves with good clever sticks, to be used in case of need, Cromwell, Bradshaw and I set off towards Griffin's wharf.*—When we got there the moon was just rising above the water, and the ground being covered with snow, made it very light. We found a crowd of people, all standing and looking at the ships, and the crowd increasing every moment. We saw our master on the wharf.'

'And was not he angry to see you there?' asked Aunt Rhoda.

'Not at all,' said Chase; 'he clapped each of us on the shoulder for coming, and told us we were boys of the right sort, and chips of the old block, meaning himself. Presently we heard a sound like the steps of a large company of men coming down the wharf in close order. About twenty of them were disguised as Indians, and there were others (whose faces were smutted) dressed up in red caps, old frocks of brown linen, long gowns, and all sorts of queer things.'

'Are you sure the Indians were not rale ones?' said Aunt Rhoda.

'Very sure. Nobody but an Englishman can mistake a white man for an Indian, however well disguised. No, no;—it was easy to understand that those were some of our own townsmen, painted and feathered, and dressed with leggins and moccasins, and wrapped in blankets though some of them as we afterwards found, could talk and behave like very good Indians. Still, I believe that no one who was not in the secret, could guess exactly who any of them were; though in one or two we saw laced ruffles peeping out from beneath their blankets. As they came along, voices in the crowd called out—'There are the Mohawks—the Mohawks are coming.'

*The particulars of this scene (as far as related by Chase Loring) were obtained from an old revolutionary officer who was himself an actor in it, being at that time a young mechanic in Boston.

'The crowd parted off, right and left, and the Indians passed through the middle, and stopped at the very end of the wharf, where the Dartmouth was lying, the Eleanor and the brig Beaver being on each side. Without waiting a moment, the Mohawks went straight to the business they came upon. One of them acted as chief, another as interpreter—and they pretended to hold a sort of parley with some persons who had already stationed themselves on the deck of the Dartmouth, and who of course were in the secret. Remember, I am only telling you what I saw and heard myself. As yet, we can only guess who were the people that set this business a going.'

'Time will discover all,' observed Tudor.

'May be it will, and may be it won't remark-ed Aunt Rhoda. 'I am sure I've no idea who stole my dead husband's best wig, fifteen years ago last Pope Day.† And still, that very night, when the show went by there sat the pope high on the stage, among all the other images, the light glaring round him and husband's best wig upon his head—quite too good a one to go into the bonfire when the show was over.'

'Now,' continued Chase, 'you can't think how hard we found it to keep our countenances when we heard the chief who I dare say was ready to laugh himself having a loud pow wow, as the Indians call it, with the man that stood for interpreter.'

'In a few minutes somebody from the Dartmouth (one of our own people of course) called out, 'What does the chief say, Mr. Interpreter?'—'He says you must ask the mate for the keys of the ship's hatches and then the hatches must be opened and taken up and stowed safely aside, out of the way; and you must tell the mate that no damage shall be done to the ship or rigging, or the furniture, and not a rope yarn shall be taken away or destroyed.'—Then there was a pow wow again.—'What says the chief, Mr. Interpreter?' cried the voice from the ship. 'He says, we want some of you sailors to rig a derrick over the hatch way.'

'What is a derrick?' asked Annis.

'Oh! a thing to hoist with,' replied Chase. 'So some sailors stepped forward, and fixed the derrick. The same was done in the other ship and in the brig, without a word of objection.'

'Well I wonder at them,' said Aunt Rhoda.

'So do I,' said Chase; 'and I heard on the wharf, that when the mate of the Dartmouth was asked for a light to go down below with, he had a whole pound of candles brought immediately. However, to go on with my

† Previous to the revolution, it was customary in Boston to celebrate the gun powder plot on the 5th of November, by getting up a procession, in which an effigy of the pope, surrounded by various other figures and illuminated by lanterns and torches, was drawn through the streets on a lofty wooden stage or platform, and afterwards consigned to the flames in one of the open squares.

own part of the story—there was another pow wow.—'What says the chief, Mr. Interpreter?'—'He says he wants some smart young men to break up the chests as they are hoisted out and to throw all their contents into the sea.' There was another parley—and the interpreter being again questioned, replied, 'The chief wishes you to understand that the whole cargoes of the three vessels must be discharged entirely into the water, every chest being broken up before it is thrown over.'

'Oh! sorrowful,' cried Aunt Rhoda.—'All the good tea! It almost makes me cry to hear of it.'

'Well it was done—completely done,' continued the merciless Chase. 'It was all every chest of it, hoisted out of the hold of every ship. There was no want of young men to jump on board the vessels, and break up the boxes before pitching them into the sea. Cromwell, Bradshaw, and I went to the shop for hatchets, and ran there and back with all our might, for fear we should not get places. I stood in the mainchains of the Dartmouth, and on the edge of the wharf, and in the water, and every where—breaking up so thoroughly, that whole chests were often pitched towards me, by those on board, for they saw how well I did my work.'

'Now do not be bashful, Chase,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'I never like assumacy—all sorts of pride is a sin.'

'Dear Aunt,' said Annis, 'do allow Chase to have this sort of pride in peace, at least just for one night.'

'Were there a great many tea boxes?' asked one of the women.

'Yes,' answered Chase, 'so many that as the tide was coming in, and rose round the wharf, the chests made a platform or pile, high enough to bear up the young men that stood upon them; and when we had emptied all the tea, we finished by getting brooms and sweeping into the sea all that had been spilt about the decks. How clean we made them!'

'The best of it is,' said Tudor 'that the whole was done with scarcely any noise, bustle or confusion. There was no quarrelling, no fighting, and no body was hurt, though we were at work three or four hours. In each vessel one of the Indians acted as commander and was implicitly obeyed. There was one man, however, a (great lover of tea, I suppose) that managed to fill both his pockets with it.'

'Tudor, you should not tell that,' said Chase, 'nor any thing else that is dishonorable to Boston.'

'Oh! yes—tell us all about it!' exclaimed the women, 'we would rather hear that than all the rest put together.'

'He did it so sily,' continued Tudor, 'that no body perceived him but Bob Hewes—and when some one asked at the conclusion

of the business, if all the tea chests were overboard, Hewes pointed to the man who had loaded his pockets, and said, 'No—here's one left.' His coat skirt with the pockets, were immediately cut off by a knife and thrown into the water, and the man slunk back into the crowd.'

'Poor fellow—poor fellow,' sighed Aunt Rhoda.

'He deserved to have been thrown into the water along with his tea,' said Chase, 'but only hear what passed as some of our people, on their way home, were going by the house of Coffin the tory, who lives just on the wharf. There was the admiral looking out of an open window. 'So,' said he, 'you have had a fine frolic to-night—but you'll have to pay the fiddler's bill next spring.' 'We are ready to pay him now,' was the reply of a dozen voices. And the admiral shut down the sash, and walked off.

'Well,' remarked Aunt Rhoda, 'I am no tory—but it does seem to me very strange that any christian people could go in cold blood, and set regularly about destroying any thing eatable or drinkable; I raley can't see how the country is to be bettered by it. But every body now a days seems to have got their heads full of wild unnatural notions. What do you think the governor will say to all this?'

'Let him say what he pleases,' replied Chase.

'I never talk like a tory,' pursued Aunt Rhoda, 'My worst enemies cannot say that of me; but I do think the governor has a hard time of it, a-governing such ungovernable people. To be sure it is the king that bids him, but poor Tommy Hutchinson can neither move to the right or left, speak or let it alone, or act or do nothing, but he is found fault with, and there is a meeting about it at Funnel Hall. He is still worse off now than he was in Jemmy Otis's time, who made a speech about every thing the King did, and everything the governor did.—I've often heard my dead husband repeat parts of Jemmy Otis's speeches.'

'And capital speeches they were, too,' said Tudor, 'I wish Mr. Otis's health would allow him to make more of them.'

Chase Loring jumped from the table, and traversed the room, singing.

'The rostrum then he mounted,
And loudly he did say,
Defend, defend, defend my boyz,
Defend Americay.'

Tudor smiled. 'Suppose you give us the whole of that song,' said he.

'Oh!' replied Chase, coloring a little, 'that is the only verse that suits—for the truth is, it is a tory song, as you know—surely you would not have me sing,

'Their pattern Jemmy Otis,
That sage of high renown,
Like sheep he led the rabble
Of this seditious town.'

'By this time all the visitors had departed, and shortly after, when Chase and Tudor had partaken of a hasty supper, the family retired for the night.

Next morning when Aunt Rhoda first entered the sitting room, she found Tudor Haviland just coming into the house.

'Why Tudor,' said she, 'you've been a taking an early start. I never before knew you go out before breakfast.'

'Aunt,' replied Tudor, 'to tell you a secret, I think of writing some verses on the events of last night, and I went to the wharf to see how things looked there, for there's nothing like taking our ideas from reality—drawing from nature, as the painter's say.'

'And a sorrowful sight it must have been,' sighed Aunt Rhoda. 'But did you see any signs or leavings of the poor tea?'

'Yes,' replied Tudor, 'there it was—the leaves all opened out, and sticking in great bunches to the sides of the wharves, mixed with clusters of sea weed. I saw a chest that had not been well broken up, (certainly not one of Chase's doings) it had floated into a little nook considerably above Griffin's wharf, and was safely lodged among the shells and sand. I do not believe the tea that remains in it is at all damaged, except perhaps a little on the top.

'Were I to tell Chase of it, he would go there on purpose to break it to atoms.'

'Don't tell him—don't then,' said Aunt Rhoda; and she added sententiously, 'Tea was wisely provided by natur for the drinking of us poor human creatures—and how then do we know that this awful work with it is not a sin, after all?'

'It cannot be a sin,' replied Tudor, 'let me explain it to you.'

'No, no,' interrupted Aunt Rhoda, 'how often must I tell you that it never does me the least good to have things explained to me? I always understand better when I find out myself as is mostly the case with folks that are cute by natur. My dead husband never explained any thing to me. But do you think that box of tea is much the worse?'

'I think it is not,' replied Tudor.

'Is it laying where every body can see it?'

'No; it is in a very lonely place, near which there are no buildings and no inhabitants, and it is hidden by some low rocks that have not yet been disturbed to make a wharf. Probably nobody has seen the chest but myself.'

'Tudor Haviland,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'I have always found you good and biddable, very different from Chase Loring, though I say it that should not say it, as he is my own nephew, and you are of no a-kin to me. Chase to be sure, is good enough, but far from biddable.—How have you found me?'

'Very kind always, Aunt Rhoda,' replied

Tudor. 'Ever since I have boarded in your house, you have treated me as your own son, and done many things for me that were 'not in the bond.'

'I do not know what bond you mean,' said Aunt Rhoda, with some *fierte*. When your father put you here, he thought he could trust me to do justice by you, without having writings drawn up.—However, that's neither here nor there. To be sure, I scorn to talk of such things, but many's the night I have set up here darning your stockings and mending your wristbands, and covering your buttons, just as I do for Chase, only that he is rather harder upon his clothes. We should never brag of our good deeds, but you know I always pleat the ruffles of your Sunday shirts with my own hands. It's not my way to cast up favors, but you know whenever you've a cold, there's no end to the yerb teas I make, and the quakers I stew for you out of the best West India molasses, and fresh butter, and good cider-vinegar. Your very last cold was cured by one of my stewed quakers. I never was apt to trumpet my good deeds from the house top, but you must remember last winter when the pile of books tumbled down on your head—'

'Dear aunt,' interrupted Tudor. 'I gratefully acknowledge all your kindness, and shall be glad to avail myself of every opportunity of repaying as much of it as I can.'

'That's verily prettily spoke,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'well, then, you've now an opportunity.'

So saying, she took a pillow case out of the high bureau that stood under the large oval white framed looking glass, and coming up close to Tudor, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and said to him in a low mysterious voice—

'Tudor my good boy, I am but a poor widow, a lone forlorn woman, with a dead husband; and what odds will it make to any body, if I should have just a pillow case full of that nice tea, that will soon be washed away by the tide, and carried out to the wide sea to be lost altogether; for I'm sure there's nothing there that wants it; I don't believe fish would take tea if it was given to them.'

'I don't believe they would,' said Tudor smiling.

'Now,' she continued, 'if you only knew how I've longed and longed for a little tea, and how much good it would do me, and how it would cheer me up in these awful times, if I could get but a single cup, just to try once more the taste of tea.'

'But aunt,' replied Tudor, 'you know that we whigs (and I am sure that you are one of us) have made abstinence from tea a test of patriotism; nay, all the grocers in town, except William Jackson, have put their names to a paper in which they pledge themselves neither to buy nor sell it.'

'More is the pity,' observed Aunt Rhoda. 'As I have said before, I don't see how the nation could be hurt or liberty put down by just one old woman, more or less taking a cup of tea when she was all but pining away for it.'

'Yet the example, Aunt—the example!'

'Example! who have I to set an example to? Dear knows you and Chase want no examples as to whiggery. As for old black Marcy in the kitchen, nobody will ask whether she is whig or tory. And as to Annis Chadwick, there is no fear of *her* doing any thing that Tudor Haviland would not like.'

'Do you really think so, aunt?' said Tudor, his eyes sparkling.

'To be sure I do. It was but three weeks ago last Friday, that she asked me if I did not think Tudor Haviland the sensiblest young man that ever lived. Now she never says any thing about Chase, only that he has sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks, and white teeth and curly hair, and all such nonsense.'

'Does she say all that of him,' demanded Tudor in a tone of chagrin.

'Oh yes,' returned Aunt Rhoda, a little embarrassed; 'but you know handsome is that handsome does. She says you are a very handsome reader-out.—She has too much respect for you to talk about your looks. It is your own sense and learning that she chiefly notices—all owing to the bringing up she has had from me. When she was only six years old, she asked me if she might go to college when she was big enough, and seemed quite cast down when I told her that girls never went to college. Yes—though Chase is my own sister's son, and though, after all, he has no bad ways, yet I know he would not suit Annis half so well as a bookish young man.'

'I don't think he would suit her at all,' said Tudor, turning away, and going to the window to look out at nothing.

'Tudor—dear Tudor, pursued Aunt Rhoda, following him with the pillow-case.

'What is it you wish me to do?' said Tudor, turning round quickly, and looking much annoyed.

'Tudor,' said the old lady, patting his shoulder, 'the short and the long of it is, that as Chase is over sleeping himself, and I suppose that all the boys that were busy at Griffin's wharf last night will be excused by their masters if they are not at work as early as usual, could not you now, before people are stirring much—could not you go to the place where you saw that almost whole tea-box, and fill me this bit of a pillow-case?'

'With what?' said Tudor, perversely.

'Tea, my dear boy—tea,' whispered Aunt Rhoda, looking fearfully round.

Tudor, who was prepared for this request,

promptly declined it; but she persisted in her importunities, till wearied out with them, and, perhaps, attaching no great importance to the act, he finally consented by taking the pillow-case, rolling it up, and putting it into his pocket.

'That's a good Tudor,' said Aunt Rhoda; 'if Annis was to hear this, I know she would like you all the better.'

'No, she would not,' said Tudor, quickly; 'she ought not to like me for it.'

'What, not for your kindness to her poor aunt, that has always been a mother to her?'

Finally Tudor departed—and though a very good patriot, he thought it possible that a harmless old woman might be indulged with a little tea, 'and neither heaven nor earth grieve at the mercy.'

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

Republic of San Marino.

Not far from Riminali, upon a high and steep hill, among savage rocks, overlooking the despotism and slavery of men all around; there firmly and proudly enthroned, sits a little republic of an age of 1300 years, one of the oldest, if not the oldest government of the world; but alas! 'the last of all the Romans;' the last of those glorious republics that once dotted and sparkled upon all the Italian plains! Liberty, that inspiring word, when no longer heard in the Roman Forum, and no longer fought for on the isles of Venice, when the very whisper of it was death upon the banks of the Arno even then found a refuge in the forbidding cliffs that overlook the Adriatic, and was proudly blazoned upon the portals of San Marino.

The oldest republicans of the world are there in one little town, as some proud Eagle in her sky-built eyry.—The waves of despotism have for ages beat against this rock, but have never overtopped its summit. The invading armies of Romagna the Hun, the Austrian and the Frank have never clambered up its sides. Even the 'thunderer of the earth,' as the French once styled the last man-conqueror of theirs, who, by the noise and confusion he made, well deserved the name, hurled no bolts of wrath against the Republic nestling in the very heart of his achievements. Even when flushed with triumphs, and seizing every thing for himself and France with his own hand, he complimented the little miracle of a government, and promised it an increase of territory, which the people had the wisdom to refuse, with thanks for the offer, but with the avowal that they had no ambition to aggrandize their territory and thus to compromise their liberties.—Even despots then, and the subjects of despots, respect a Government thus consecrated by age, and the interest of an

American is re-doubled on seeing this little fac-simile of his own far-off land; upon feeling, as it were the pulse of a people whose sympathies are in unity with his. The little heart that is beating here upon the Rock of San Marino is in the new world, sending life-blood through ten thousand mighty veins, and flushing with its health the broad spread surface of a country that reaches from the sea wrought battlements of the bay of Fundy to the sands of Mexico; and though the hope is wild, yet it will spring up—That the humble work of honest Dalmatian masons, who flying from persecution founded their city upon the Titan's mount, may become what the like government was that arose on the Palatine Hill, and stretched at last from Scotia to the Euphrates, or like that nobler empire of those wandering pilgrims who first landed on the rock of Plymouth. Italy would thrice save the world and thrice redeem it from its indifference, if but the principles and the purity of Marino's Republic could extend from the frozen needles of the Alps to the blazing mouths of Vesuvius.—*Brooks' Letters.*

MISCELLANY.

To Parents.

THE following most excellent suggestions to parents, are contained in an address lately delivered in Ohio, by D. P. KING, Esq.

Fathers and mothers, you stand at the fountain; with the lightest trace of your finger on the yielding soil, you can give a direction to the infant stream; you can send it gliding down through verdant fields and flowery lawns, imparting new fertility and beauty, and anon contributing its strength to propel the complicated machinery of industry; or you can send it dashing, foaming over precipices, to join with other impetuous, headlong streams, carrying devastation in their course; or you can suffer it to roll its sluggish way into some stagnant pool, affording a refuge for loathsome reptiles, and poisoning the atmosphere with its pestilential vapors. In infancy and at home, the deepest and most lasting impressions are made; your children may have able and faithful instructors, but there are many lessons of practical wisdom which are not taught in the schools. The mind of your child is constantly busy—he will be learning a lesson of you when you least think of it. To your child, your remark is wisdom; your observation, experience; your opinion sound doctrine, and your word a law; your child is learning a lesson from every look and action—but most of all, your example is educating your child. It is a book constantly open before him, and which he is constantly studying. Be careful anxious father, fond mother, that you insert no page which hereafter you may wish to tear,

no line you may wish to blot; be careful that you admit into that much read volume, no sentiment which you are unwilling your child should transcribe on the fair tablet within his own innocent bosom. The great secret of happiness consists in never suffering the energies to stagnate. If you can accustom your children to patient and cheerful labor, you have secured for them the means of happiness and independence.

'Eighteen Years Old.'

THERE is a period in the life of every young man, over which to pass safely requires the most skillful navigator. To double this point is more dangerous to the moral character, than for a navigator to double Cape Horn. The whirlpool of pride, and the quicksands of self-conceit yawn upon them, and are to young men what Scylla and Charybdis were to the ancients. The period is from sixteen to twenty-one years of age; and during this time a young man is subject to what is commonly called 'eighteen years' fever; though owing to the precocity of some they are attacked as early as sixteen. The effect of this disease is altogether different from those morbid complaints to which the human system is subject, instead of wasting away, it produces a general inflation of the intellect, if I may so express it, which renders the subject more like a bladder filled with wind, than a rational being.

A young man under the influence of this disease, is a perfect wiseacre, he is too knowing to learn from the experience of age; he knows best what is his own interest; his parents, all who have gone before him are, in his opinion, fools; he imagines himself to be the first of a very wise generation, and therefore construes every friendly admonition into an attempt to coerce him or to abridge his privileges.

Royalty in Rags.

MARY of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII, mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and regent of France, frequently wanted the necessaries of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intrigues of Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, an unhappy fugitive.

Hume tells an anecdote of singular royal distress. He informs us that the queen of England, with her son Charles, had a moderate pension assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her credit ran so low, that one morning when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her she informed him that her daughter, the princess Henriette, was obliged to lie a bed for want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was she reduced, in the midst of Paris, a queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV, of France!

The daughter of James the first, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her husband crowned was reduced to the utmost beggary, and wandered frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

A strange anecdote is related of Charles VII, of France. Henry V, had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said that, having told a shoemaker, after he had just tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feelings that he refused his majesty the boots.—*Alexandrian.*

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is stated by the Star, that a correspondent of the New-Orleans Bulletin notices as a curious fact, that the names of the leading men who have figured in our country, terminate with *on*—for instance: 'Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Jackson, Clinton, Livingston, Hopkinson, Harrison, Wilkinson, Singleton, Marion, Middleton, Fulton; and in addition to these, we have Houston, who is about establishing the independence of a country.' Thirteen names of the signers of the declaration of independence had the same terminations; and the names of the greatest captains of their day, end with the same letters: Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington.

SIGN.—A being covered with rags, and dressed in five jackets, all of which failed to conceal his raggedness, bolted into a store on Exchange-street a few days since, with the exclamation of—

'Worse than I look by —! Well, I've let myself for fourteen dollars a month, and find myself.'

'To do what?' asked the principal of the establishment.

'To stand on the corner for a paper mill sign—' *Cash paid for rags,* 'that's all.'

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—A Rhode Island judge being challenged by a senator, the following dialogue ensued: *General*—Did you receive my note, sir? *Judge*—Yes, sir. *General*—Well, do you intend to fight me? *Judge*—No, sir. *General*—Then, sir, I consider you a pitiful coward. *Judge*—Right, sir, you knew that very well, or you never would have challenged me.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1836.

MIRROR OF TASTE AND NOTITIA DRAMATICA.—This is the title of a new paper just commenced at Buffalo, N. Y. by S. T. Hoamer. It is published weekly, at \$2 per annum, in advance, and is, as its name denotes, devoted chiefly to polite literature and the drama. It seems to be conducted with considerable talent, and 'while truth and virtue wield the pen,' we hope the labors of the editor will be crowned with success.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Thursday the 11th inst. Mr. Edward W. McKinstry, of Catskill, aged 21 years, son of Henry McKinstry, Esq. was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, while engaged with a few friends on an excursion of pleasure. His sudden and untimely death has cast a gloom over his native village, and will be long and severely felt by a numerous circle of relatives and friends, to whom he was endeared by his amiable deportment and many virtues. He was an only son, on him rested the hopes and affections of fond and devoted parents, of an only, beloved and affectionate sister. By this mysterious Providence these hopes have been most suddenly blasted, these affections, that seemed twined with their very existence, have been rudely torn asunder. In the midst of health and innocent hilarity, buoyant with hope, he was cut down. How solemnly by this afflictive dispensation are we admonished of the vanity of earthly hopes—that 'in the midst of life we are in death.'

We learn from the Daily Advertiser, Cleveland, Ohio, that the editor has made arrangements to obtain the assistance of Mr. O. P. Baldwin, late of this city, in the editorial department of that paper.

To Correspondents.

'What art thou Death,' it is our impression is not original, whether meant to be offered as such we know not, and shall therefore not publish it at present.

'Adieu to Childhood,' will be published soon—the tale accompanying it is not examined.

'Farewell to U *****' will appear ere long.

'The Ascension,' was filed away unnoticed in our friend's letter—it speaks more for the mind and fancy than for the experience of the writer; but agreeable to his wishes we will give it an insertion.

'Oh that thou wert only here,' inadmissible.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. S. Shelburne, Ms. \$1.00; E. L. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. Bailston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. Shelburne, Ms. 1.00; S. S. Whately, Ms. \$1.00; S. M. R. Cairo, N. Y. \$3.00; R. C. South Greenfield, \$1.00; W. H. U. Milledgeville, Ga. \$5.00; W. H. S. Stanfordsville, N. Y. \$5.00; C. G. Auburn, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. New Britain, N. Y. \$1.00; N. M. G. East Abington, Ms. \$1.00; G. W. R. West Harperfield, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. New Hampton, N. H. \$5.00; L. C. East Creek, N. Y. \$2.00; G. M. L. New Britain, Ct. \$5.00; P. M. Pompey Center, N. Y. \$5.00; A. J. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. Lebanon, N. H. \$5.00; P. M. Collins Center, N. Y. \$5.00; E. S. Harwinton, Ct. \$2.00; W. N. P. Pittstown, N. Y. \$0.50; M. P. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. W. New Berlin Center, N. Y. 3.00; W. H. Harpersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Shelburne, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Ellicottville, N. Y. \$3.00; L. E. M. Cassville, N. Y. \$5.00; A. J. E. Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Marshall, N. Y. \$0.50; P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Akron, N. Y. \$5.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Samuel Gifford, to Miss Eliza Van De Bogart.

In Ghent, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Dr. Richard H. Mesick, of Centreville, to Miss Maria Groat, of the former place.

At Centreville, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Simcon Decker to Miss Maria Fries, both of Taghkanick.

At New-York, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. James Hine, of Georgia, to Miss Sarah J. Hathaway, daughter of the late Capt. Bailey Hathaway, of this city.

At Farmington, Ct. on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Porter, Chauncy Brown, M. D. to Miss Julia M. daughter of Capt. Pomroy Strong.

DIED.

In this city, on the 21st inst. after a protracted illness, Hannah, wife of Isaac Sherman, aged 36 years.

On the 14th inst. Caroline, daughter of John and Mary Woodhouse, aged 23 years.

In Ghent, on the 3d inst. Andrew A. Sharts, in the 67th year of his age.

In Livingston, on the 8th inst. Wandle Rote, in the 35th year of his age.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. Harman Sagendorph, aged 76 years.

At Canaan, Ct. Mrs. Abigail Adam, only daughter of the late Samuel Forbes, Esq. aged 81 years.

At Boston, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Mary E. Lyman, consort of Theodore Lyman, Jr.



SELECT POETRY.

Night Watching.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

SHE sat beside her lover, and her hand
 Rested upon his clay-cold forehead. Death
 Was calmly stealing o'er him, and his life
 Went out by silent flickerings, when his eye
 Awoke from its dim lethargy, and cast
 Bright looks of fondness on her. He was weak,
 Too weak to utter all his heart. His eye
 Was now his only language, and it spake
 How much he felt her kindness, and the love
 That sat, when all had fled, beside him. Night
 Was far upon its watches, and the voice
 Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
 Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
 Looked down in tranquil beauty on an earth
 That smiled in sweetest summer. She looked out
 Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
 Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
 With the pale beam of midnight—air was still,
 And the white sail far o'er the distant stream
 Moved with so slow a pace it seemed at rest,
 Fixed in the glassy water, and with care
 Shunned the dark den of pestilence, and stole
 Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
 Softly along the crisping wave—that sail
 Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flapped,
 Caught moving undulations from the light,
 That silently came down, and gave the hills,
 And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
 Death seemed on all the landscape—but so still,
 Who would have thought that any thing but peace
 And beauty had a dwelling there! The world
 Had gone, and life was not within those walls,
 Only a few, who lingered faintly on,
 Waiting the moment of departure; or
 Sat tending at their pillows, with a love
 So strong it mastered fear—and they were few,
 And she was one—and in a lonely house,
 Far from all sight and sound of living thing,
 She watched the couch of him she loved and drew
 Contagion from the lips that were to her
 Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
 They seemed like a thin snow-curl. All was still
 And even so deeply hushed the low faint breath
 That trembling gasped away, came thro' the night
 As a loud sound of awe. She passed her hand
 Over those quivering lips, that ever grew
 Paler and colder, as the only sign
 To tell her life still lingered—it went out!
 And her heart sank, within her, when the last
 Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
 Seemed like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone
 She dared not look around: and the light wind
 That played among the leaves and flowers that grew
 Still freshly at her window, and waved back
 The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
 In her intense abstraction, seemed the voice
 Of a departed spirit. Then she heard,
 At least in fancy heard, a whisper breathe
 Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
 And her fond loves were ended. She had watched
 Until her love grew manly, and she checked
 The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
 To the last solemn duty. With a hand
 That trembled not, she closed the falling lid,

And pressed the lips, and gave them one long kiss;
 Then decently spreading over all a shroud;
 And sitting with a look of lingering love
 Intense in tearless passion, rose at length,
 And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
 Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
 Which as a fountain sealed till it had swelled
 To its last fulness, now gave way and flowed
 In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm,
 And parting back the curtains, looked abroad
 Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk
 In one unbroken silence, save the moan
 From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
 Of the slow-moving hearse. The homes of men
 Were now all desolate and darkness there,
 And solitude and silence took their seat
 In the deserted street as if the wing
 Of a destroying angel had gone by,
 And blasted all existence, and had changed
 The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart
 To one cold, speechless city of the dead.

Columbia's Freedom.

BY THE BOSTON BARD.

WHEN Freedom, midst the battle storm,
 Her weary head reclined,
 Around her fair, majestic form,
 Oppression vain had twined;
 Amidst the din—beneath the cloud,
 Great WASHINGTON appeared;
 With daring hand, rolled back the shroud,
 And thus the sufferer cheered.
 'Spurn, spurn despair! be great, be free!
 With giant strength arise!
 Stretch, stretch thy pinions, liberty,
 Thy flag plant in the skies!
 Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,
 Let stars thy banner gem!
 Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—
 Wear victory's diadem!
 Go tell the world a world is born,
 Another orb gives light,
 Another sun illumines the morn,
 Another star the night.
 Be just—be brave—and let thy name
 Henceforth Columbia be;
 Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame—
 The wreath of liberty.'
 He said, and lo! the stars of night
 Forth to her banner flew,
 And morn, with pencil dipt in light,
 The blushes on it drew.
 Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,
 All gloriously unfurled;
 Soared with it to his native skies,
 And waved it o'er the world!

From the Youth's Sketch Book.

The Little Boat Builders.

BESIDE the sea-shore Charles and Ben
 Sat down, one summer day,
 To build their little boats—and then
 To watch them sail away.
 'Hurrah!' the boats have left the shore,
 And side by side they sail;
 And pleasant sunshine all before,
 Behind, the summer gale.
 But all too rough the sunny sea;—
 One boat upsets—and then
 They clap their hands and shout with glee,
 'Hurrah! she's up again.'

But on the wave it cannot live;
 It sinks:—and now the other!
 And now a louder shout they give,
 'Hurrah! we'll build another!

'Let's make ourselves a little sea—
 The ocean is too large;
 This tub will do for you and me
 To sail our little barge.'

Dear children! thus through life your joys
 May vanish! Will you then
 Still laugh as o'er your childish toys,
 And think they'll rise again?

And when life's ocean seems too wide
 Your quiet course to trace,
 Say, will you wisely turn aside
 And choose a humbler place?

And with you, as your joys decay,
 First one, and then the other,
 Shout on, as the hope sinks away,
 'Hurrah! I'll build another?'

From the London Court Journal.

She is no more!

THE rose upon her cheek was red,
 And, on its faithless tint relying,
 Though languor came and vigor fled,
 We could not think that she was dying!
 We bore her to yon distant shore,
 Where Arno rolls, a stream of gladness!
 But Alps and ocean, traversed o'er,
 But added sorrow to our sadness!
 Devoted beauty! on thy cheek,
 Though deep Decay has placed her finger,
 Still health imparts a glowing streak,
 And there, unblanched, her roses linger!
 There is no sorrow in thy sigh—
 Like Hope, reposing on her anchor—
 Thine eye is bright—thy cheek is dry,
 But 'neath its vermeil tint, the canker!
 So, when autumnal suns arise
 And Nature's radiant form is brightest,
 The groves display their richest dyes,
 But wither while their leaves are brightest.

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